

sentence, with an additional half a life tagged on to punish him for being so hardened. By now a confirmed public enemy, he has, in mere self defense, taken to philosophy. Philosophy, on examining his record, has approved wholeheartedly, recommending him especially for his virtue of reflective idleness, which, in time of habit, has thrown his mind into a frenzy of thought. Since he receives no wages, death expects to find him philosophizing in jail, and by removing him will in no way interfere with his hard-won poverty. Philosophy, his sponsor, expects no profit. Publicity is notoriously absent in this case.

A CAPSULE AFFAIR

A girl thought to herself, "Why are my legs being stared at by that man? Sitting across from me on this bus, he sags in his seat with poor posture, chin lowered into his coat, to study me down up my up; what have I up there, to appeal to him?"

She stopped crossing her legs, discreetly placed her knees together, and demurely lowered her dress tight down on them; this did not discourage her observer.

"Perhaps he loves me," she thought; "for a stranger, that's romantically quick."

She tried to envisage what their baby would look like; to estimate more accurately, she covertly (on the sly) noted the man held captive to her lower charms.

She tossed her head, in derisive triumph: "We've nothing in common," she finally decided to conclude. A pang of regret flared in pity for the rejected stranger. Had she a sister, or girl friend, she might introduce him to? -- for his loneliness was so stubbornly sensual.

Her bus stop approached. She displayed some flesh while getting up: the brute across from her squirmed: was he in pain?

The bus lurched, so she wriggled out with protruding haunches. She had once taken a psychology lesson in school: on this basis, she dismissed that optical intruder from her vainglorious head of hair with the notion, "Obviously oversexed."

The bus waited for a red light; walking on the sidewalk, she passed the window that depicted her fascinated admirer's eyes lost soulfully in the contemplation of her departing self. The bus moved off. "He's gone. But he understood me." It was her final tribute.